

Good Morning 368

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Knights of Soccer

SCOT CAPTAINED IRELAND

MANY of the greatest players of all time have worn the black and white striped shirt of Newcastle United. They have journeyed, too, from many parts of the world to serve the St. James's Park stalwarts, and always has an outstanding captain led the team.

Old followers of football say that Jimmy Nelson, who captained Newcastle to victory in the Cup Final of 1932—when they defeated Arsenal—was one of the best. Certain is it that as a "General" he had few better.

"Solid" is the word one uses in describing a player of Nelson's type. He was not a flashy defender. Jimmy Nelson was always the same: steady, reliable, and a really fine leader of men.

I first saw him when he played for an Irish team, Belfast Crusaders. At the time he was working in the shipyards. His brilliant play attracted the Irish junior international officials, and Nelson was selected to captain their side to meet England, but just before the match was due to be played the Irish officials discovered Nelson had been born in Scotland—so he did not get the cap!

SUET WAS!

Nelson had some exciting times in those early days when he was learning the game. When one team he was assisting became short of funds the players had to make a door-to-door collection. Nelson was very surprised when the local butcher contributed a chunk of suet, saying: "You can grease your ball with that!"

Cardiff City saw Nelson—then an inside-forward—playing for this team and made him an offer. He accepted, and was soon promoted to the senior side.

In his first match the right back was injured. Nelson took over the vacancy. So well did he perform in later matches at right-back that Scotland selected him.

Thus the player who had been taught his football in Ireland, made his reputation in Wales and England, returned to play his first game of soccer in Scotland wearing that country's international shirt!

In 1926-27 he was a member of that great Cardiff City side that took the F.A. Cup out of England for the first time. From that moment his stock rose, for he proved himself a defender who never lost his head or sense of proportion. In him Newcastle had perhaps their steadiest full-back of all time.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

There are others, of course, who prefer Billy McCracken, right-back in the super-Newcastle team just before the Great War. The great Irish defender is credited with the development of the off-side trap. Certain is it that he, together with the Scottish international half-back, Peter McWilliam, did more than anyone else to perfect it.

When the Newcastle defence put on "the trap" it was "airtight." No forward could slip through and score. McCracken—now Aldershot's manager—was a student of football. He studied the game from every angle; discussed almost every point with other players and built up a wonderful knowledge of his profession. Together with his team-mates, he used to practise for hours the off-side trap.

HAIRPIN BEND.

A great practical joker, just before his club were due to play in a Cup Final, at Crystal Palace, he heard one member of the team mention that he was very superstitious. "If I find a hairpin I know we're in for a good day," said this player to his team-mates.

On his way to the ground the player picked up one hairpin, then another, in fact, he must have found dozens.

Not until afterwards did he discover that McCracken had been walking ahead of the party and dropping them in the path of the superstitious one!

Another "Knight" of this period and a humorist like McCracken, was the amateur goalkeeper, Dick Roose. As agile as a mountain goat, and with hands as safe as Wally Hammond's in the slips, Dick Roose was not a goalkeeper of the "ordinary" type.

He thought nothing, when the play was at the other end of the field, of sitting down calmly with his back to the

goal-posts and chewing a piece of chocolate!

His unusual method of keeping goal put more than one great forward completely off his game. Like a giant, he would bear down upon an advancing forward, arms outstretched, and looking most fearsome.

Often, with the goal seemingly at their mercy, famed attackers have lost their nerve and shot wide as Roose bore down upon them.

Beneath his sweater he wore a green and black striped shirt, which he kept most carefully. Although ragged, and dirty, he refused to part with it to the cleaners.

One day George Hardy, then the Newcastle trainer, chanced to see it in the dressing-room while Roose was bathing. He picked it up and sent it to the cleaners.

When Roose heard what had happened he went nearly mad with rage, fearing he would lose his "Lucky Mascot." When nothing happened, however, he saw the funny side of the situation.

GREATEST OF ALL.

While always having great defenders Newcastle, on occasions, have called upon wonderful forwards. The best was Scottish Hugh Gallacher, one of the finest "footballing centre-forwards" the game has ever known. Hughie was the perfect footballer.

Like his old, school friend, Alex James, he relied upon his wiles and skill to beat bigger opponents.

How well he did it can be judged by the fact that he topped, while with Newcastle, Airdrie, Chelsea, and Derby County, the goal-scoring list every season he was with them.

"Wee Hughie" was the most difficult man in football to dispossess. I have even heard defenders say that to get the ball away from Gallacher more

often than not meant a foul being given against them.

As a close-dribbler Hughie had no equals, and his control of the ball, no matter what the weather might be like, was nothing short of wonderful. He was a good team-man, too, and many a youth who has played alongside Gallacher has owed much to him in later years.

Early in life, when still at school, he wanted to become a professional boxer, but his schoolmaster, noting the brilliance of Hugh on the football field, said he should take more interest in soccer.

One of his greatest friends in those days was another "wee one," Alex James. Between them these two amazed all who saw them by their skill. It was a race, too, who should score most goals in a season.

When the final match came to be played Alex and Hugh were on level terms. Gallacher bet that he would score most goals in the last match. The "wager" was sixpence a side.

A few minutes from time Alex and Hugh had both scored two goals a-piece, when Hughie dribbled through the opposing defence, drew out the goalkeeper, and side-stepped him. By this time he was at an acute angle, but would possibly have scored had he shot. But Gallacher saw that Alex James was unmarked, so slipped the ball across to him, and the other "wee one" scored, putting his team ahead.

Alex and Hughie invariably told this story with a smile, for they always preached the gospel of team-spirit. Both were good examples of how by playing with your comrades you can become a star.

Newcastle—and football fans in general—will never forget the little man who scored over 300 goals in League football. In fact, Hugh Gallacher must be among the most prominent of all football's "Knights."

John Allen

world. If he could get together with his fellows in other countries over a pint of beer, we would hear much less of dictators and all the other high and mighty political personages that at present bully and bewilder the ordinary man. In these unstable, quarrelsome days I think I can give you a slogan for all peaceful, genial, companionable folks of all countries: 'Beer Drinkers of the World, Unite!'

It's an idea!

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods.
Tennyson.

REVOLUTION . . . (New Style)

OR, as the Worktown temperance report pointed out, Hitler, Mussolini and the Mikado are teetotallers. But not so Churchill, Marx, Engels, Eisenhower or Stalin.

The story of Marx, who for a bet succeeded in having a drink in every pub along a densely - pubbed - two - mile stretch from Tottenham Court Road to Hampsstead, does not find parallels in the lives of 1939's dictators. Summing this up neatly, Minister of Pensions Major Herwald Ramsbottom said:

"Beer is a peaceful drink. Beer is the drink for the ordinary, kindly, simple working man in the street—the man who can be found in millions all over the

He's "Magpie" President

THROWS NOTHING AWAY

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT (From Curt Hamilton)

has the collector's instinct very strongly developed, and is one of the most persistent human "magpies" in the world. Some years ago the story was told of a friend being shown over the White House. He was shown a room on the second floor and told, "This is the President's museum." It also serves as his bedroom.

That, of course, was an exaggeration, but in his bedroom the President kept, amongst other things, his collection of some dozens of china pigs. They were all sizes and colours, the smallest only half an inch high, the largest nearly six inches. It also contained a collection of donkeys made of all kinds of materials, from brass to wood.

The U.S. President has a great weakness for these model animals, and reporters attending his Press conferences always look for the latest additions to his collection on his desk, which is the home of his latest "gadgets" until it joins the main collection. Quaintness of expression is what seems to appeal to the President in these model animals.

The President's serious collections are of stamps and ship models. His stamp collection is reputed to be one of the finest in the world, although the emphasis is on interest rather than mere rarity or auction-room value. The State department during his years of office have helped him to add many hundreds of stamps to his collection by sending through periodically batches of envelopes from their overseas mail. He has also had thousands of gifts of stamps, mostly from his own countrymen, but also from people and rulers overseas who have read of his hobby. He occasionally puts in a bid for stamps by mail order auctions, but since the war he has not been able to give the attention to stamp collecting that he did formerly. He is not a man who pays someone else to collect for him. The stamps in his albums have all been mounted by his own hands.

Presents from admirers have been so numerous at times that they must have been almost embarrassing. Most of them were from men, women and children who had read about the President's latest collecting hobby. He has a tremendous collection of fishing tackle. Like so many anglers, he finds collecting tackle some compensation in the months when he cannot fish. In the last ten years every American angler who has had a good day with a particular type of bait seems to have packed up a duplicate and sent it to the President, confident it would

bring him the same sport! Once or twice, secretaries engaged in unpacking parcels have been surprised by worms falling out!

All sorts of mementoes and keepsakes have swollen the President's collection of "junk." He must have one of the finest collections of sticks and canes in the world, although he has given to hospitals many hundreds of the thousands sent to him. He has been sent a packet of cigarettes of a historic brand now no longer made, a model of a covered wagon made in rock crystal, and tiny gold boxing gloves sent by an admirer, inscribed "To the Champ."

One of the President's most novel collections is of Christmas cards. He has long made a habit of sorting and filing the thousands of Christmas cards he gets every Christmas, picking out those that appealed to him for their novelty or typical expression of the thoughts of the day. The collection now numbers many thousands, and must be unique in the way it records popular taste and sentiment in the years between the wars.

The President receives one of the biggest, if not the biggest, mail bags in the world—and he has never destroyed a letter. The actual number of letters vary, but typical monthly figures soon after he took office were 45,000, 80,000, and in one month, no less than 180,000. Some are letters from "oranks," many letters from children, saying how much they like him and would he send his autograph! All of them, he considers, reflect aspects of American life, and he plans to have them filed and available for future historians at a library on his Hyde Park estate. He also keeps all his notes, records of conversations, and so on, and has many unique letters from people in the highest position all over the world.

Before the war this collection was said to occupy 5,000 cubic feet, and its size must now be at least double. Historians, when they are permitted to examine "the Roosevelt collection," will no doubt praise the President's habit of collecting everything!

The President also collects paintings in modest fashion. His favourite pictures are old ones of the sea. Two fine marine pictures were presented to him by a Prime Minister of Denmark. A former President of Poland sent him 38 paintings of American history. Everyone helps the President to collect, and only his secretaries and household staff worry about where everything is to be put!

Where "Expectant Father" gets Sick Leave

MAYBE you are expecting a son and heir, but the M.O. might find new words to utter if you asked to go to bed on that account!

Yet this custom—the "Couvade"—is commonly practised in many backward countries, and more particularly in British Guiana.

The poor native wife works right up till the baby is due to arrive, and then retires into the forest with the other women.

Within a few hours she returns with the child and resumes her work, and the husband goes to bed for a nice rest after her labours.

But he doesn't have it all his own way, for he is now forbidden to smoke, eat meat, or touch weapons of any kind. He is fed on weak cassava gruel and is nursed by all the women of the place, which doesn't sound particularly peaceful.

He is forbidden also to

scratch himself with his finger-nails, but may use splinters from the mid-rib of a palm leaf for this necessary operation.

One explanation of this curious custom is that it symbolises the fact that husband and wife are part of one another. They must share even the job of bringing the child into the world, so one does the bearing and the other the convalescing. Fortunately for the husband, there is no disputing which shall do which.

Another explanation is that by feigning sickness the man symbolises his fatherhood, and thus establishes the child's lineage.

In India, a somewhat similar ceremony is practised on the occasion of the great National Hunt held yearly by the Santals of Rajmahal. The wife of the Master of the Hunt is left

in the middle of her room lightly bound and facing a bowl of water.

The success of the hunt depends on her remaining motionless until the water turns to blood.

In Africa, among certain Lake Nyasa tribes, the wife of a man going on a journey is likewise required to observe certain customs.

She must abstain from washing, bathing, or cutting her hair, and if she disobeys she may imperil her husband's life.

In these cases the explanation probably has more to do with preventing intimacy with other men than establishing unity with the husband, but the invention of the "chastity belt" performed the same office in Mediaeval Europe and was probably much more effective.

TREASURE'S ALOFT

PART 8

THE full significance of the evening's revelations began to grow clear to Martin as he drove home. This adventure, which had begun as a fantastic possibility, had developed to threaten danger and tragedy.

The shadowing of Anstice took upon itself a grim aspect in the light of what he knew now. And there was still the mystery of the intruder at the cave. And, moreover, there was the possibility of Anstice being followed in the morning, and so leading the spy to the cliff entrance to the cave.

It was to circumvent that that Martin set out before dawn the next morning for Ruthdinas Point, and moved with an unfamiliar stealth.

He found the sack where he had hidden it on the previous night, and dragged it to the entrance.

There would be three hours yet before Anstice came; and perhaps in those three hours, the cave might give up part of its secret. It was dark in the cave, and, with the tide almost high, a much narrower stretch of sand remained than when he had been there on the last occasion.

His heart beating quickly, Martin threw off his coat, fixed the lantern on a moss-covered projection of rock, and began to dig. An hour's digging disclosed nothing but the bare rock floor beneath the sand. Disheartened, he sat down to rest.

But it was too dank to sit for long. Martin took up his task again, but with less eagerness.

QUIZ for today

1. A torsk is a lamp, tooth, fish, Russian cup, job of work, twisted cord?
2. Who wrote (a) Areopagitica, (b) Biographia Literaria?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Sextant, Compass, Quadrant, Chronometer, Astrolabe, Barometer.
4. English newspapers first appeared early in the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th or 19th century?
5. Which is longer, the Nile or the Amazon?
6. Who was the Sage of Chelsea?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Openner, Opinient, Opinonable, Opiate, Operose.
8. Name three animals which spit when approached by strangers.
9. Who was the Apostle of Free Trade?
10. Where was insulin discovered?
11. What is three-fifths of five-eighths—in your head?
12. How many gods or goddesses of love can you name?

Answers to Quiz in No. 367

1. Weight of wool.
2. (a) Smollett, (b) Jane Austen.
3. Level is not a drawing instrument; others are.
4. M. de la Cierva, 1923.
5. 180.
6. Originally a piece of toast was put into the bottom of the glass.
7. Feeble, Feasible, Feature.
8. A boy educated with a prince for the purpose of receiving the prince's punishments.
9. Cerium.
10. Hot air.
11. Yes. He died in 1827; gaslight was being used in 1803.
12. Walrus, Whale, Wallaby, Weasel, Wapiti, etc.

Cornishman's Gold

By Anthony Mawes

It was becoming very evident that to search the floor of the cave thoroughly would entail weeks of work.

Sheer fatigue made him stop at last, and he determined to climb to the surface. He crawled into the open air, to find the earlier drizzle turned into a torrential downpour in which sea and land and sky blended in one sullen, indefinite grey.

"Mr. Lynn!"
Lost in thought, he started back in alarm. What was that? He turned sharply. Glad from head to foot in oilskins, Anstice herself was crouched against a huge lichen-covered rock only a few yards away. Water was streaming from her.

"Where did you appear from?" she cried. "I didn't see you. I've been waiting half an hour. Isn't it awful?" She shook her head, sending a regular spray from her sou'wester.

The sight of her, so keen and excited, put new hope into Martin. "You do look dismal," she went on; "like a drowned rat. What have you been up to, Mr. Lynn?" "I've been down in the cave," he said. "I've been digging for hours."

"You haven't! And have you—?" Her expressive brown eyes were alight with inquiry.

"Not yet," he said, "but you'd better come and see. Perhaps you can help."

"Come on then," he said. "But you'll have to scramble."

Suddenly he checked her. "Steady, Anstice, or you'll get there too soon."

She stopped, and gazed at the entrance to which he had brought her.

"Down here?" There was surprise and intense eagerness in her voice.

He went ahead, but at the bend in the passage he stopped abruptly. "Half a moment, Anstice," he said, a sudden anxious note in his tone. "Stay here a second. There's something wrong."

Martin went ahead, and disappeared into what, to Anstice, seemed a bottomless pit. From the dark depths came the sound of rushing water, like the roar of a mountain cascade.

"Be careful," she called. "For heaven's sake be careful Mr. Lynn." But he made no answer. She crawled forward and peered

down, frightened and perturbed. It gave her real relief to see the flicker of a match, and presently the steadier gleam of the lighted lantern.

"Mr. Lynn," she called. "Mayn't I come too?"

He did not hear her voice, for in the cave the torrent sent up a deafening echo. He was gazing in amazement at an angry stream which gushed from near the roof, close by where he had been digging.

It poured viciously, as though a tremendous force were behind it. Already the water had filled the hole he had dug, and its sandy sides were caving in every moment, while the main stream cut itself a deep channel, a yard or more wide, and rushed down the smooth floor to the sea.

After his first amazement had passed, the cause of this outbreak seemed obvious. Here was clearly the outlet of some old drainage channel of an abandoned mine. Such old passages honeycombed the rock in mining areas, and, although no tin had been raised in Polruth parish for generations, the neglected workings were there, and still, no doubt, filled with water. Obviously the recent heavy rains had broken down some barrier,

and a subterranean reservoir had burst, choosing this means of escape. The flood would probably abate soon. He would go back and call Anstice.

But Anstice had not waited. As he turned, he found her by his side, looking a little frightened still.

"You should have waited," he said, raising his voice against the din. "It might have been dangerous."

"What—what's happened?" she asked.

He told her his surmise, and, as he was speaking, the volume of water began to lessen, as though some unseen hand were turning off a titanic tap.

"It's very wonderful," she said. "Let's go nearer."

They walked to the very edge of the stream. The rushing water had cut deep into the sand, and disclosed in many places the bare rock floor.

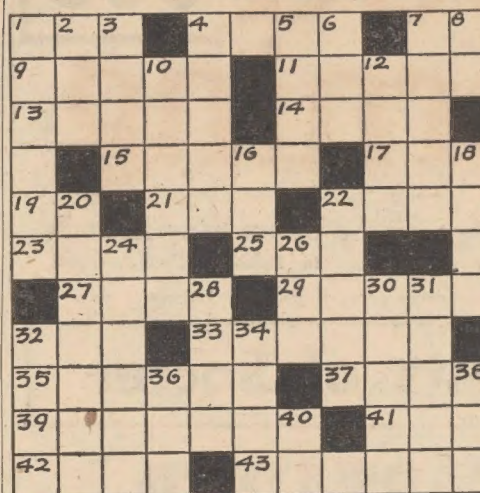
"Won't this help our digging?" she laughed.

The flow of water had dwindled now to a mere streamlet, splashing gently down the rock face.

Something flopped down with the trickling water, and fell with a splash in the wet sand at Martin's feet. Instinctively he

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Stuff.



CLUES DOWN.

1 Wan. 2 Space of time. 3 Foreign coin. 4 Boy's name. 5 Recedes. 6 Sign of Zodiac. 7 Rare object. 8 Dealing with. 10 Gun attendant. 12 Dress. 16 Meadow. 18 Net space. 20 Candidate. 22 Mixed dishes. 24 Innate. 26 Little rascal. 28 Aye. 30 Frill. 31 Retinue. 32 Seed covering. 34 Man's name. 36 Number. 38 Free from deduction. 40 Behold.

4 Lean.
7 Short County.
9 Active.
11 Set about.
13 Fruit.
14 Male animal.
15 Peers.
17 Border.
19 Surrounded by.
21 Colour.
22 Wind instrument.
23 Accomplished.
25 Afflict.
27 Female animal.
29 Being merry.
32 Success.
33 Steam.
35 In concord.
37 Test for rhythm.
39 Respective.
41 Go quickly.
42 Eager.
43 Importance.

ORGANS LAMB
PELF TAILOR
EDITOR ELSE
NUB WEB USE
C PLAYED Z
ZERO M FETE
E AMULET R
ART PIG FAD
LOTH NOTICE
OBLATE OVEN
TEEM DIGEST

bent to see what it was; but Anstice was quicker.

She dropped on her knees.

"Look! Look! Look!" she cried in excitement. "Mr. Lynn—"

He bent over. Anstice was holding out a broad gold piece. "Oh! And here are some more, Mr. Lynn. We've found it! We've found it!"

The excitement gripped him. He turned the rays of the lantern. As the water seeped out of the sodden sand it left behind half a dozen shining coins. Martin seized his spade. Three or four more coins disclosed themselves.

Neither spoke much, and for half an hour they searched and sifted that sodden floor.

Still almost unable to speak coherently, they counted over their find. In all there were eleven pieces of eight, and fifteen doubloons.

Martin looked up to the wall, where, stuck in the stalk of a fern, was what appeared to be another coin. He scrambled up and pulled out a small, thick gold piece of a different type. For some moments he stood gazing at the hole through which the water had gushed. Then, very quietly, he said:

"Anstice, my child, old Parker's Hoard is somewhere above our heads—not buried here at all. The coins have been washed down."

With the aid of Anstice, Martin scrambled part of the way up the slippery rock; he saw enough to destroy any hope of entering the passage. Only a child could have wriggled in through that narrow, jagged mouth. He dropped back to the sand.

Anstice looked at him.

"Too small—even for me?" she asked. "Yet there must be a way in somewhere. How else could old Parker have hidden the stuff?"

Short of blasting operations, I haven't an idea.

"Where does that drain come from?" she asked, pointing to the hole high up in the wall.

"Some old mine workings." "Can't we find them? The other entrance, I mean?"

"We'll try." She sat down again, and furrowed her brow in thought. "There must be a way in," she repeated, as if to herself.

Martin thought quickly. Obviously there was another way in, and he was almost convinced that Bealing and his confederate, Mr. Harold Watson, knew something about it.

"I think Bealing knows the secret," he said steadily. "Bealing, and Mr. Watson."

"Bealing. He's—after it?"

Even now Martin hesitated to tell her the whole truth.

Anstice bit her lip; her eyes were screwed up, as though she were searching her memory. Suddenly she looked up, her face alight with understanding.

"It's our cellar. That's what he's up to. Mr. Lynn, Bealing was nosing about there all yesterday. I knew there was something wrong."

"What do you mean—nosing about?"

"He's doing some alterations down there—that nobody wants. Only he's persuaded father." She told Martin what she knew. He listened attentively, his mind alert but apprehensive. He never had dreamed that things had moved so quickly.

"We'll have to be careful. We're dealing with a dangerous pair."

"Oh, I'll be careful," she answered lightly. "I never did like Bealing or Mr. Watson, but I'm not afraid of them!"

(To be continued)

ROUND THE WORLD with our Roving Cameraman



TIN PAN SYMPHONY.

Little Tommy black is being taught by big Tommy black (both of Central Africa) how to make a noise with tin pans. They beat the bottom of the pans with the flat of their hands, and it depends on where they slap the tin, and how they slap it, as to the kind of sound they get. If they like that kind of symphony they can have as much of it as they like. Central Africa is a long way from Queen's Hall orchestra!

JANE



WANGLING WORDS—314

1. Put a stream in GED and make it cooked.
2. In the following proverb, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Shub a dirb in dhan throv si owt eht ni eht.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change WEST into EAST and then back again into WEST, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the hidden animal in: There should be a tap or cup in every house. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 313

1. SmokeR.
2. A rolling stone gathers no moss.
3. COLD, hold, held, head, HEAT, beat, belt, celt, colt, COLD.
4. P-Eli-can, Her-on.

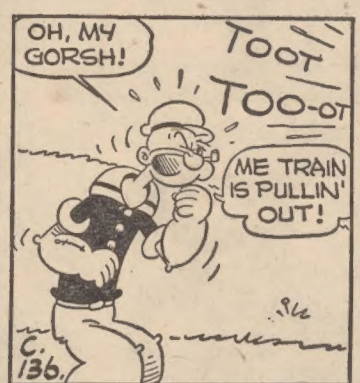
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



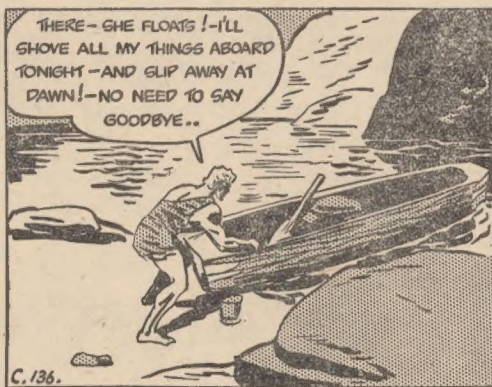
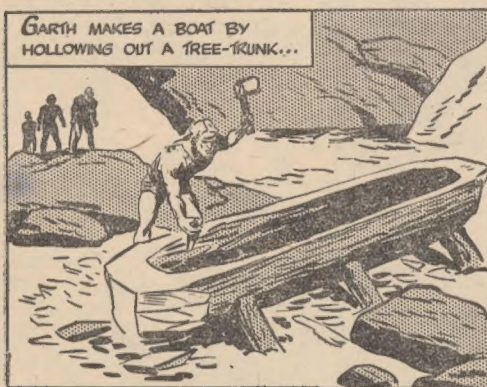
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I get around-

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

SIXTEEN-WATCH Charlie Brown, son of the "uncrowned king of Limehouse," whose collection of curios at the Limehouse pub, was known the world over, has a collection of his own. His pub is "The Roundabout," at Woodford, Essex. The collection, comprising fifty uniquely designed watches, has been collected personally by Charlie.

Charlie always carries sixteen of them about him. In each lapel is a tiny watch, two more in each of his cuff-links, one triangular Masonic presentation watch on an ornate Chinese chain; one on his pencil, another on his lighter, and more on his cigarette case and his diamond tiepin.

Four are carried in his pockets, one on each wrist, and another, a tiny gold disc about half the size of a farthing, which was a present from his wife on his fiftieth birthday, inscribed, "At any hour of the day I love you."

Thirty years ago, in Limehouse, he bought a miniature gold tennis racket. In the centre of the net is a cluster of small white diamonds set round a tiny watch. "It intrigued me so much that I began to look round for similar curios. That is how my collection started," he says.

One by one he ranged them on the bar—a tiny blue glass marble with a watch inside; a little book that springs open to tell the time; a jewelled mesh of minute wheels set in crystal—one after the other he told their histories.

I HAVE always believed that if there is anything wrong with county cricket it is to be found in the players and the committees who control the players rather than in the game itself, and it seems that my conviction is shared by the M.C.C. Foundations of a revolution in county cricket have at long last been laid.

Most surprising proposal, possibly, is a knock-out cup competition. Sunday cricket seems to be out, and the select committee recommends a resumption of three-day matches and a return to the six-ball over.

M.P.s recently asked questions in Parliament about London's inter-station bus service for main line travellers, which doesn't wait for late trains at night; which takes sixty-five minutes to get from Paddington to King's Cross, three miles away, and which charges 1s. for journeys varying from half a mile to eight miles.

The other night I travelled on one to investigate the causes of the "grave dissatisfaction" which, M.P.s said, was felt by Servicemen.

With an A.T.S. girl's "battle bowler" and respirator piled on my knees, I rode in a double-decker bus crammed tight with Service men and women.

Although the L.P.T.B. explain their shilling fare by calling it a "supplementary taxi service," there could be no vehicle which had less of the privacy which one pays for in a taxi. It was like a large-scale evacuation, Waifs and Wrens sat perched on soldiers' knees, with tin-hats and cases and rifles and respirators and full-packs balanced all around.

In order to accommodate large quantities of luggage, part of the lower-deck seating had been removed, and among the baggage crouched sailors, soldiers and airmen.

THE route is from Paddington to King's Cross via Victoria, Waterloo and Euston, and any part of the journey costs the same. As this particular bus was one of the last three buses of the service, it only went as far as Waterloo.

While London charges a shilling, Servicemen in Manchester are provided by the Corporation with an inter-station bus service on a two-and-a-half-mile route for a penny—and Liverpool City Council provides transport for late leavecoming Forces from the stations to points near their homes free of charge.

Mr. Noel-Baker, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport, told the M.P.s that the London service was "adequate for the purpose it was designed to serve."

ONE old guy who achieved the ambition of his life went a step beyond even his highest hope—by dying.

John Moss, head porter of East Suffolk Hospital, Ipswich, who by raising £5,000 to endow a John Moss cot at the hospital, got what he wanted most, died soon after, at the age of sixty-eight.

An original porter there, he was made a life-governor in recognition of his work.

Ron Richards

**Good
Morning**

Bonnie Scotland

The car we all
wanted as
kids. Cruising

down a quiet street of Old Dunblane, near Stirling.



"Come on, sling us down a bun, can't you!" asks Mischa—London Zoo's Polar Bear.

It's enough to make a wallaby laugh. Wal-laby, Jun., in the pouch has just learned to say "Mamma."



"I don't mind being scrubbed, but there's no need to do it in public. It's enough to make any girl cry!"



"What's that down there?" "Looks like a cat to me." "Strange beasts, cats, aren't they?"



Paramount's Barbara Stanwyck, has got a new kind of ring, we see, don't you see.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Look at those silly asses."

